

Just Out, the 1919 Model Ford, and It Costs Only a Nickel

HENRY FORD'S career as a journalist began this week with the publication of "The Dearborn Independent," known also as "Ford's International Weekly." The newspaper would have awaited it with interest. But when Mr. Ford's new venture arrived there accompanied it a sense of anticlimax. There is nothing sensational about "The Independent." Its makeup is conventional. Its tone is quiet, assured and friendly. Indeed, glancing over its pages it is difficult to even compare its production to that of the better known Ford product. Whatever the public may think of the paper, it cannot as yet be classed with the other Ford jokes.

In achieving this anticlimax Mr. Ford evidently did what he wished. "We need hardly state what will be apparent to all discriminating readers," says the small advertisement on the last page, "that this issue of 'The Dearborn Independent' will serve effectually to modify any expectations that may have been entertained as to its being a sensational publication. We have expressly forbore to trade upon the curiosity of the public to obtain a smashing big circulation list. Likewise we have abstained from filling our pages with material of a startling but superficial nature, which would only lead the reader to expect more of the same kind in the future. We have preferred a modest beginning."

Mr. Ford disclaims responsibility for the entire periodical. His oversight is merely general, even to the editorial page; but on "Mr. Ford's Own Page" the reader may find words direct from the pen of the millionaire philosopher.

Following are some extracts which explain the aims of the new editor, who, to quote "The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger," "has only to pluck blossoms of gentle thought in the green fields of the untroubled future."

Couplets in Quantity Production

Incline the candle as you will,
Its spire of flame turns heavenward still.

* * *

Who makes two grass blades grow from one
Wins Earth new vigor from the Sun.

* * *

Whoso would fail, this rule observe:
Make self the only one you serve.

* * *

Work's flavor is secret in zeal;
The milk of weariness is real.

* * *

Man's first achievement of success—
A home well filled with happiness.

* * *

Social achievement seldom grows from one;
Bread comes by labor, shower, soil and sun.

* * *

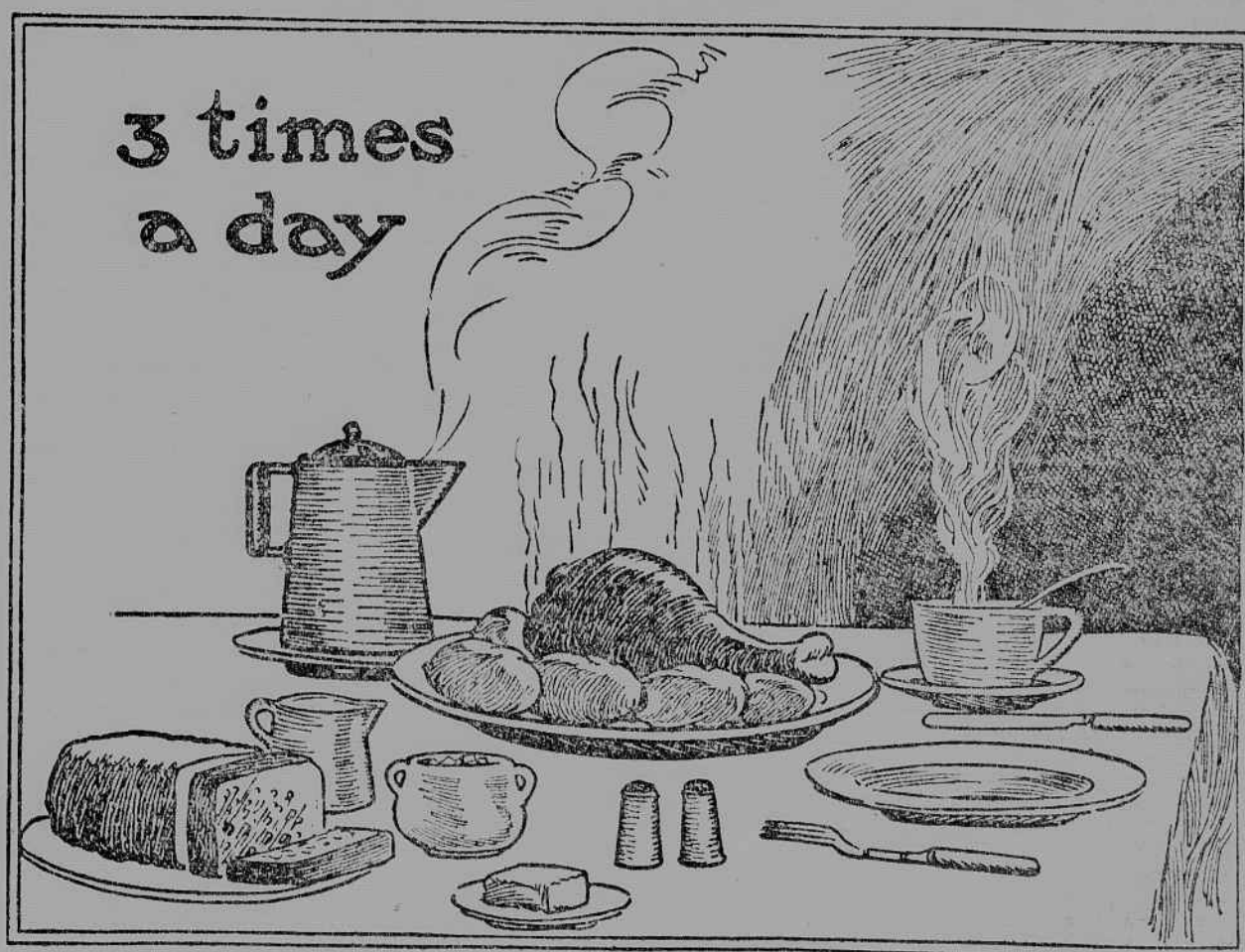
The rights of kings divine once thought,
Are now for all good men besought.

* * *

Men say untruths about you? Let them say.
Only your character outlines the day.

—From Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent

A CURE FOR BOLSHEVISM



MR. FORD'S OWN PAGE

IT WILL be seen, therefore, that this programme, if such it may be called, gives "The Dearborn Independent" an unlimited scope. It will gradually begin to fill in the big outline until, as it hopes, it will be giving the news of the human spirit in its strivings for progress everywhere. With a modest beginning it seeks to justify its existence in no other way than by contributing what it may to the new energy and courage and hope with which civilization faces the problems and possibilities of the future.

"One of the chief objects of this paper will be to point out to its readers the opportunities that lie everywhere about them, and advise how they may be used to their best advantage.

"Successful persons often say that opportunities are just as plentiful as they ever were—but they don't tell you what they are, where to find them, or how to use them. Therefore the object of this paper, and especially this page, is to go straight to the point, and not deal in glittering generalities that mean nothing.

"For example: If a young man were starting life today without a dollar, and the ideas on which present successful organizations are built were developed by other men, would it mean that there were no opportunities left? Not at all.

"However much we have been able to do, there is still so much to be done, so many new opportunities to be developed, that no one need despair of a chance to do something worth while.

"But one person cannot do all these things. Neither can one organization. And it is unwise as well as selfish to refuse to share with others the opportunities we are able to see which are waiting for some one to take hold and build up.

"There are thousands of new starting places waiting to be discovered. There are thousands of needs waiting to be filled. There is great reward waiting for any one who has eyes to see the need and ability to meet it.

"Opportunity! Why, opportunity is the

cheapest and most plentiful of all our treasures. Like rich, virgin soil, it only waits to be found and used.

"May I say a personal word just here: Each week this space will be set aside in which we will endeavor to follow the plan outlined above, and also discuss from time to time questions of general interest.

"This paper exists to spread ideas, the best that can be found. It aims to furnish food for thought. It desires to stir ambition and encourage independent thinking.

"No one writer has a monopoly of wisdom, and a single point of view seldom includes the whole problem. So you will find here various writings from week to week. You may not agree with them all. I may not agree with them all. But they will probably help us to think. Personally I wish to be held responsible only for the views expressed on this page. Other writers will bear their own responsibility. The best we can do is to have an oversight which will insure that the views are sound and sincere and that they will stimulate the mind of the thoughtful reader. I have never pretended to be a writer or an editor, but I can talk with plain Americans in a way that we can understand each other.

"That is all we care for—just to know each other's mind and exchange the ideas we think are worth while.

"As long as we have nature and humanity all around us, with great unlocked treasures of brain and power, life will never be stale. New openings will always beckon us.

"We who make up this organization have seen many of these new openings, and we want to tell our readers what they are. The best and most practical engineers in the world will give their ideas and illustrate them so that their application may be clear.

"We are in great need of new developments in industry today, for many reasons. During the war we found many leaks in our industrial system. We found many businesses which the government described as 'non-essential.' They are wasting good

labor and material in producing things we should have been better off without.

"It is a bad thing to 'make business' by making articles that serve no use.

"To waste material is as bad as to waste food. It is even worse, for we raise food every year. But who can create iron or coal? And it takes a generation to develop a forest.

"Well, we finally placed many of the 'non-essentials' under control. Some of them ought never to come back. The only way to prevent it is to create so many new and useful industries that the other kind will have no place.

"There is more than enough to do to meet the real needs of people, without creating artificial needs that waste material and money.

"A business that makes nothing but money is a poor kind of business. Every business ought to contribute to the daily progress of the world.

"I would rather hear that a man made a million ploughs than that he made a million dollars. If he gets the money for making the ploughs, well and good—it will help him make more and better ploughs, and so increase the production of food.

"When money ceases to be the sign of a man's usefulness to his fellow men, or the promise of still greater usefulness to come, there is mighty little satisfaction in it, no matter how large the amount may be.

"Money never makes men. It does not even make them over. But it leaves them free to reveal what they really are, to unmask their character. When they begin to feel that money relieves them from observing those conventional attitudes which society respects, then their real nature shows itself. We sometimes hear it said that a man's money has made a fool of him. No, it only gave him opportunity to prove that he always had the folly in him.

"The great 'essential' is to do something useful. A thing is a 'non-essential' when it is useless. The opportunities this paper will point out are along the lines of usefulness.

"But don't imagine that the world is going to write out an order to you telling what it wants. That is not the way new industries come. The world sometimes does not know what it wants until some one invents, discovers, develops it, and then produces it. The world did not know it wanted the incandescent light until Edison perfected it and put it on exhibition.

"Perhaps that is why people are slow to pick up the opportunity—they have been thinking the world will write out a full description of what it needs.

"Whenever you find a rough spot in the road of life, it is a sign that a new idea is wanted to smooth it out. Every bump is a signal for some one to get busy and create something to smooth it out. And then, if it fits the need, its creator's future is made. Thousands of new jobs are created, new organizations are built up which concentrate the brains and energies of the best men, and altogether life is made happier for hundreds of thousands of people.

"Some people think that it requires a genius to do these things. The man who first thought of putting a rubber eraser on the end of a lead pencil was not a genius, but he made a fortune. Even so simple a thing as a collar button may become the foundation of a new industry and create many new opportunities.

"Opportunity often hides in the simple things which are despised by people of high notions. Don't stand around looking up at the sky. Look around your feet. You will find opportunity on your back doorstep.

"We are only in the dawn of things as yet. The opportunities of to-day are a thousand times more numerous than ever before, because people need and use more. But if you would capture opportunity, you must use your eyes.

"The man who SEES is master.

"Any place is a good place to start from. You can gain the foundation of concentration, application and thoroughness where you are. Opportunity will not overlook you because you wear overalls and your hands are grimy with work. Opportunity often

What "Life" Thinks of the New Venture

To Henry Ford.

Dear Mr. Ford: In congratulating you upon your entrance into the sacred domain of journalism, permit me to forestall any enthusiasm you may have by notifying you that it will probably take you somewhat longer, even with the best machinery available, to turn out an idea every forty-nine seconds, as you have been turning out Fords. I am bound to say, however, in reassurance of your project, that in both cases the process is much the same. To turn out both Fords and ideas requires imagination, initiative, the proper employment of skill and brains and an accurate assembling of various necessary parts. After you have started production I shall expect to see a certain proportion of your ideas stalled on the road. They may run out of gas, the steering apparatus may go back on the driver, there will be blowouts, and the brakes may not always work. But if you persist in journalism by the same methods that you have employed with your cars, I see no reason why you should not eventually furnish a regular number of cheap ideas to afford mental transportation for a whole people.

Honkfully yours,

LIFE.

it will grow and keep growing into bigger and better things. A business makes men, as well as articles for sale.

"There is a great deal of discussion in the newspapers concerning responsibility for the war. Everybody seems to be asking who started it, and many guesses are made. 'The war began in a bad condition everywhere—a condition which simply had to break because it was so bad. Individuals may have seized the occasion for their own personal ends, but there was a world condition that made it possible for them to do so.'

"The world was simply festering with selfishness. Men of power regarded workmen as factory fodder. We hear about militarists regarding citizens as mere cannon fodder. Well, there are men who exploit their human brothers as factory fodder to make money for themselves.

"We are all chasing the things that glitter and have no substance. Life was becoming pretty much of a sham. We were losing what respect we had for law. Public life was debased. The needs of the party, rather than the needs of the people, influenced too much of our legislation.

"We were piling up mountains of munitions, great mountains of tools for man killing.

"We thought society could remain healthy with one part suffering need and the other part rolling in luxury. We thought that a system which stepped on one man because he was poor, and bowed before another because he was rich, was going to last.

"And then it happened! It was as if the Almighty grew tired of it too, and swept it all away.

"But now that peace has come again, now that our President is doing his best to set up a Government of Good Will throughout the world, it is unbelievable that anybody should want to go back to the conditions which made this war possible.

"We ought to double our guard against any of the old dangerous things creeping back into their former places.

"It is our hope that this paper will do its part in the new work. That is the only motive we have in creating it. An unbiased paper is an extended voice, and if we can help, if our experience can be of service to any one, we are ready and willing to do what we can for the welfare of mankind."

Newspapers and the War

IT is a pity that someone with plenty of time and a penchant for old newspaper files does not write a history of the editorial difficulties which the late war thrust upon some of our leading journals. To daily feed the local pulse and read the destiny of nations too, gave many editors the first serious exercise of judgment they have had since Wall Street press agencies began to furnish them with their economic policies.

"Fashions in war news were dictated by the newspaper's constituency—sometimes the advertising constituency, sometimes the readers, though often the latter do not count as much as they once did. The threat of stopping the paper only brings amusement to the modern daily, while the stoppage of an advertisement will bring an anxious interview with one of the paper's officials.

"There are any number of American newspapers that heartily wish that the period of 1914-1917 was literally the deluge it is often called, for then the files of their paper would have been destroyed, which now remain to mock them. If printers' ink only faded as quickly as selfish attitudes can change, a lot of humiliating evidence would be missing to-day.

"The story that has not yet been told, and probably could not be told, except by a general collaboration of the editorial skulls of the entire country, concerns the number of newspapers that were saved by the loyalty of the men who worked on them and whose interest in their paper's good name was equal to their regard for their personal honor. There is many an editor thinking his stars to-day—they seldom thank their men—for having been saved by the intelligent stubbornness of his staff.

A book ought to be compiled which will show the press of the United States in its typical moods from the outbreak of the war in Europe until the American entry and after. This book ought to be listed for study in high schools and universities in order that the next generation may enter mature life free from the general superstition of journalistic wisdom which gives anonymous editorializing its uncanny weight. It is safe to say that one effect of such a book would be to destroy forever the prestige of certain journalistic trade names which have held sway over large sections of our country for long periods of time.

"Only two classes of newspapers came out clean from the test of the last five years, though a third class may be added. The consistent pacifist paper, the paper that was for peace because it knew how stupid war was, the paper which would have been willing to see the United States spared from war in order that she might more freely serve the peace needs of the world—that type of paper has a clean record. The fact that it later changed to the support of the war when war was morally necessary is not a sign of inconsistency but of sincerity. The entire United States was misled until the very morality which made it pacifist drove it forth to war. The pacifist newspaper at least had philosophical goodness to which it was loyal, and it has the satisfaction now of seeing its principles exalted into respectable and increasingly influential world policies.

"The other type of paper which came through clean is the modest publication which knew it was not a world authority and did not pretend to be able to interpret world destiny, but contented itself with printing the news and being on guard for the United States. Its record, if not brilliant, is irreproachable.

"Place is left for a possible third class of newspapers, those that seemed to see the nature of the war from the beginning, that seemed to perceive the issue to which it would resolve itself, and recognized Germany for what she was from the outset. Of course, these papers were for war—immediate war, war without preparation. Unfortunately, too, most of them were located in the financial East and had connection with interests whose counsel is always to be doubted. But to members of this class of newspapers who spoke from their wise perception of events we must vote a clear and unimpeachable record."

THE TWO SISTERS—By Marius Alix

Translated by William L. McPherson

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Here is a vivid and poignant little war story. It deals with a situation which the war has made sadly common, but deals with it naturally and untheatrically. The lot of the mutilated soldier is a hard one. There are heroic women who are only moved to greater tenderness by the spectacle of affliction and disfigurement. But there are others who are not cut out for the noble sacrifices which fidelity to the maimed, the scarred and the disfigured demands. The writer of this story has found a way to treat a predicament of this kind with sympathy and with truth.

THE WAR was over for Robert Dastex, the brilliant aviator, famous for his daring. To-day, shrunken in his poor, tortured body, but more towering than ever in the eyes of men, he could now to live only a useless life. One arm lost and his face ploughed and torn by shrapnel splinters, Dastex had been repatriated, after long months spent in the hospitals and prison camps of Germany.

He found himself once more in France, his life spared. His manly scars, his glorious mutilation, his little green ribbon, which his own blood seemed to have streaked with delicate red threads—all these marked him for public respect. And then, had he not, above all, returned to the free and invigorating air of his own country?

Yet, without avowing it, it was from this very circumstance of repatriation that Robert Dastex suffered most.

Before the war he had become engaged to the daughter of a prominent manufacturer. Pretty and Parisian to the tips of her fingers, Elvire had been captivated by Robert's genuine personal charm. Fate did the rest. One evening, between two dances, they sought a tête-à-tête corner, hospitable to soft advances. As love guides instinctively the steps of happy couples they saw emerging from a little salon, shut off by a curtain of flowers and plants, a delicious rose domino, attended by a tall gallant dressed as a black butterfly. The look was free. Elvire and Robert plunged into it. And one might have said that, while they exchanged the eternal oath, the giant aspidochelone and the majestic phoenix intermingled their leaves in order to shelter better from profane glances the trembling of two pairs of ardent lips and the ecstasy of two enraptured souls.

With what anguish Robert recalled the

infinite happiness of that evening, beside the woman who had charmed him and amid the intoxication of music and flowers!

Then came the great separation, which made their letters even more tender and their projects for the future even more sweet. In one of them Elvire thus counselled her dear Robert:

Be brave. It is your duty. But can't you make our love the concession of not being rash? I am so fearful of some imprudence on your part or of the breakdown of your infernal machine. You know that my sister Lolie has entered a hospital. The poor little invalid makes a very good and devoted nurse. She considers her task a sacred one. You remember her immense goodness of heart and her generous theories—her wish to consecrate herself to others, to cheer the suffering, to care for them and console them. What ideal could be nobler! Or more humane! She thus magnanimously revenges herself, the dear little soul, on the cruel fate which sent her crippled into the world.

Not long after that came Robert's terrible fall. Then the amputation of his arm and the needle of the surgeon seeking the torn shreds of flesh, drawing close the lips of the frightful furrow cut by the bursting shrapnel. It was necessary

to restore a human appearance to that poor, ravaged, shapeless visage. How the unfortunate young man suffered—less from the physical pain than from the moral torture of knowing that he would be forever completely disfigured!

What would Elvire say when she saw this pitiful piece of war wreckage? When she saw him, her Robert, whom she had always known as a sort of gallant Prince Charming? What then? She would certainly turn away from him. But no, Elvire is too upright, and also too proud. She would not wish to have cast at her the vile and cutting reproach that she had rejected, when unfortunate and suffering, the man whom she had loved when handsome and captivating.

So, Robert thought, she will keep me. But it will be out of pity, in deference to a lofty scruple inspired by conscience, but into which the heart does not enter. This bankruptcy of love—they will try to make me feel better by explaining it away with delicate subtlety. They will say to me: "Your wounds exalt you."

But why should I want to be exalted, even like a god, if my hideousness robs me of the heart of her whom I love still, in spite of everything?

The mutilated hero asked himself, finally, if he had the right to excite such a poignant conflict in the soul of his fiancée—to force the sense of justice of a

young girl, unwilling to recall her vow, into the balance against the repulsion, instinctive and involuntary, which is produced in the mind of a woman—even of strong character—by the constant presence at her side of an atrociously disfigured companion. When have the smiles of a Quasimodo ever moved the heart of an Esmeralda?

Robert was then going to add the sacrifice of his love to the sacrifice of his flesh and his blood. Thus he trembled—this brave man, whom the greatest dangers had left impassive—when it became necessary to face the first look of his beloved! And how he felt in his heart the sting of a thousand needle-points when he saw Elvire recoil, almost imperceptibly, while greeting him.

"See what has become of your poor Robert," he said in a low voice. "But reassure yourself, my dear. I shall not be cruel enough to present to you the contract of love which we both once fondly dreamed of signing. Love—you are Love, Elvire. I am only Grief. And I know that there are acts of courage which reason ought not to demand. I give you back your word. In shattering my dream at your feet I ennoble myself in your eyes. See you will no longer adore the Robert of the past. But you will care more for the poor Dastex of the present."

Elvire made no answer. She dropped her eyes, overcome by the frightful reality. She did not feel force enough within her to protest against what her fiancé had said. And nevertheless his voice was as warm and appealing as ever. It was still the same noble and generous heart. She wished to look at him again, but she was afraid. So Elvire accepted the decision of the man who had now become merely her friend.

Lolie, Elvire's tender and compassionate sister, was a witness of the melancholy rapture. She divined the void which was being created in Robert's tortured heart. In order that he might not feel himself alone and abandoned by all she cast a sympathetic glance on the scarred and mutilated aviator—one of those womanly glances which are more comforting than a caress. It was like a warm ray of sunlight falling into the dark and cheerless heart of the young man. Such is the elasticity of the will that this unfortunate, who had believed himself shunned and avoided by all, saw suddenly a flash of brightness in the sad heaven of his destiny. That womanly glance drew him back to life, and he murmured, looking steadily at the little invalid:

"Formerly I sought a woman for a companion. Now I need an angel."

Gifted with the intuitions of those who suffer, Lolie had read his mind. She stretched out her hand to Robert as a token of understanding. Two hearts, softened by sorrow and well adapted to mutual love, had been brought together. Palpitant with emotion before the nobility of feeling which this scene disclosed, collapsing in a chair, her head in her hands, Elvire, too beautiful to be an angel, burst into sobs.